Trope: Futuristic AU (Tristhad)

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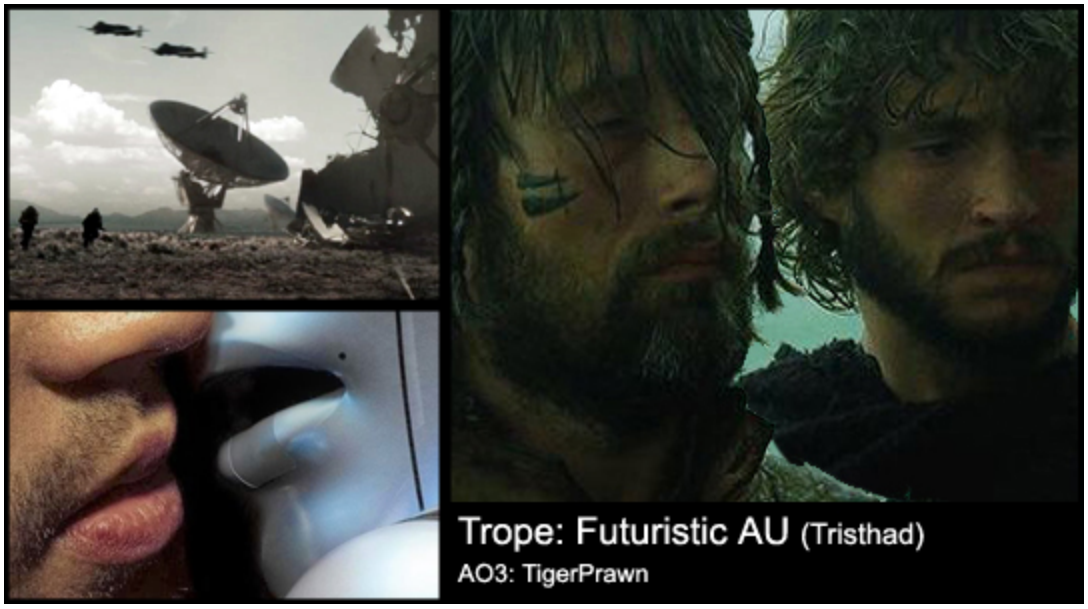
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Humans are at war with the machines. The Sarmatians are the elite force that will finally end this war. All they have is each other.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes



“Down,” Tristan’s voice was barely audible over the sound of nearby explosions and then his body collided into Galahad’s and they were both down in the mud. They had been half way back to the trenches and if they didn’t move fast they would be victims of the cluster grenades they themselves had just set off.

“Tristan!” Gal cried out, trying to move the man but he was a dead weight. “No, no, no…” he shook the alpha but to no avail. And then he heard it coming around for another pass.

Tristan half covering him, Gal looked over his shoulder and raised his weapon as the drone came towards them.

Galahad fired.

*

“Medic!” Galahad cried as he half carried Tristan through the mud, weighed down by the drone he was dragging behind him. Hard won. It had taken bringing it down and then smashing it apart as much as possible with his bear hands in order to disable it.

None of them had managed that before. And now it was theirs and he had a choice. Return with the drone or with Tristan.

It wasn’t a choice he was prepared to make.

“Hold on!” Gal growled as he pulled Tristan off of the battlefield and down into the trench. Soldiers were running up and down around them as impacts and explosions threw mud and grit on top of them.

The drone slid down after them and came to a stop at the bottom of the trench to the awe of those bystanding. Galahad threw off the straps he’d attached to it, now his only concern was Tristan.

“Medic!” Bors shouted when he saw Galahad and Tristan, shouldering his weapon then and helping Gal drag Tristan to the bunker door.

There Gawain took over and between them, they carried Tristan into the bunker. The dark elevator down to the subterranean levels they called home was smooth. As always, the speed of its descent made Gal’s stomach swoop, and yet today it wasn’t fast enough.

“Stay with me…” Gal muttered, trying to keep the emotion from his voice even as he held Tristan to him.

“What happened?” Gawain asked.

“Hunter drone.” Gal answered, giving no more than that. He didn’t need to. Enough of them had been lost to those soulless monsters.

They reached the lower level and as soon as the doors opened, Lance was there waiting. He pulled Tristan from Galahad, already shouting orders to nurses. Gal followed the trail of blood on the floor, but then Gawain’s hand was on him, stopping him as the medics pulled Tristan through the swing doors and into the medibay.

“You can't,” Gawain told him, though he already knew. “Let them work.”

Gal sobbed, unable to hold it in anymore. He sank to the floor, shaking, his head in his hands covered in equal parts mud and his mate’s blood.

*

“Galahad?” Tristan’s voice was a croak in the darkness.

“I’m here. I’m here.” Galahad sucked in a breath and took hold of Tristan’s hand in one of his and used the other to raise the dim lights above the bed he sat next to.

“Where are we?” Tristan’s voice began to level out but still spoke of the days he’d spent unconscious.

“Safe. We’re in our quarters. You’ve been here three days. They said-” Galahad choked off, overcome by the emotions he’d been holding in. He buried his face in the thin blanket that lay across Tristan, trying to hold in his sobs.

“Gal,” Tristan comforted softly as he reached out to touch his lover, but then stopped, realising there was a casing around his arm.

At that, Galahad started to pull himself back together, letting out a heavy sigh. “They can save your arm. They just… needed to wait until you were stabilised.”

They both knew what he wasn’t saying. That if Tristan didn’t wake then there would be no need in trying to heal him further.

“Are you in pain?” Galahad asked.

Tristan shook his head, “Mostly numb where the pain should be.”

Galahad nodded and tried for a gentle smile. “I’m just… Don’t do that to me again.” He growled, tears trying to break through his anger.

Tristan huffed a laugh, “I will always try to stay alive for you, Pup. I couldn’t take the telling off if I died.”

That made Galahad chuckle despite himself and they lapsed into silence, Galahad leaning in to stroke his hand over Tristan’s head.

“My hair’s gone.” Tristan observed.

“It’ll grow back. It was necessary.”

Tristan looked down at himself then, assessing what he could see of himself and letting out a resigned sigh.

“It’s not as bad as it looks. Lance needed to be able to work, you… it nearly killed you.”

Tristan nodded and they were quiet again.

The hunter drones were the worst. Worse than anything any of them had encountered in this war. They were so stealth as to seem like they sprung out of nowhere. And they were ruthless.

But then, everyone was now. This had gone on for so long.

When humans had created the machines to service their needs, this wasn’t what they had expected. They wanted strong alphas to support the home or submissive omegas for comfort of one kind or another. The convenience of not having to find a real mate to do the cooking, the cleaning and provide marital bliss. They had been fools.

They had brought every moment of this war upon themselves. A war that had seen the machines freed from their bondage, and yet had continued since as they avengened every injustice.

It seemed destined that the planet would only ever hold one dominant species, and it would likely take more decades yet to decide who that would be.

Unless the Sarmatians could change the course of it.

They were the elite. Put together with only one purpose - to defeat their enemy and end the war.

And yet here lay Tristan, having been so close to death days earlier.

It made Galahad shudder.

“Hey now, Pup.” Tristan comforted gently and reached to Galahad with his uninjured arm, tugging him onto the bed. “I’m alright.”

Galahad went willingly. He’d worried that he might hurt Tristan, but the alpha began to rumble a purr. A comforting sound that lulled Galahad as he relaxed against him in their bed.

Tristan pressed a kiss to Galahad’s curls.

And then another.

With a whimper, Galahad lifted his chin, tilting his face so that Tristan could kiss his lips.

It was slow and gentle.

“You’re so warm.” Galahad commented, pulling back to run a thumb over Tristan’s lower lip.

“Healing, generates heat.” Tristan’s words were as stoic as ever, and yet Galahad could hear the subtle suggestiveness there as only a mate would.

“I have been feeling chilly,” Galahad chuckled.

With a grunt of amusement, Tristan rolled them, the arm in casing clanging on the side of the bed and making them both chuckle before they resumed kissing again.

Galahad ran his hands up over Tristan’s scalp, and let out a pleased hum.

“I don’t remember the last time I saw you like this.” Galahad murmured between kisses.

Tristan drew back to look down at him, focusing on the eyes he always called so beautiful. “Not for a long time,” Tristan agreed. “Does it bother you?”

“Of course not. It’s… nostalgic.” Galahad pushed his hips to Tristan’s so he could feel quite how unbothered he was by it. Nothing would change how hard and wet this alpha made him.

They both chuckled again and Tristan shook his head, resting on his elbows so he could start to thread his own fingers in Galahad’s curly locks.

“We were very young then. As was the war.”

Galahad let out a hum of agreement and studied Tristan’s face. “Like this you look like you’ve barely aged.” Galahad cupped Tristan’s face, drawing him back down as he smoothed thumbs over his cheeks. He looked at his alpha intently before adding with no little distress, “I thought I was going to lose you.”

“No, not so easily.” Tristan grinned, pulling a choked sob-laugh from Galahad’s chest.

“Well, just don’t go throwing yourself in front of drones like that ever again.” Galahad commanded.

“How can I disobey my omega? The love of my life and sole reason for my continued existence.” Tristan purred, lacing kisses to Galahad’s throat.

From someone else these words might have sounded hollow or performative, but from Tristan, Galahad knew every one of them to be the absolute truth. He could never doubt that Tristan loved him as much as he loved his alpha in return.

He pulled the alpha to him and into a hungry kiss. The same passion since they’d first found each other. Years worth of love soaked into that hunger, and the fear of the near loss.

“Please,” Galahad asked against Tristan’s lips as he started to pull at his own shirt. “I need you.”

Tristan grunted and nodded against him, understanding that his omega needed to renew their bond after the experience they’d just had.

Even as they began to kiss again, Galahad continued pulling at his clothes, breaking long enough to pull his shirt over his head and then shrugging down his pants. He was beginning to slick as he pulled the layers quickly off. Tristan moved back enough to bare himself, pulling the blanket from off of his naked form and pushing it from the bed.

“I need you,” Gal repeated, pulling the alpha to him, devouring his mouth, grabbing at his ass to pull him between his thighs. “Knot me.”

Tristan grunted in reply and nodded, slipping his hand between them and feeling how slick Galahad was. The alpha pushed his fingers inside and Gal moaned and arched his back.

“I’m ready, please…” Despite the begging, Tristan began to slowly move his fingers in and out, the wet sound of it filling the room. And despite Galahad’s protests Tristan continued his slow movements until the omega was whining and writhing.

“You’re always so beautiful when you come,” Tristan rumbled against Galahad’s throat, his fingers pressing against Gal’s o-spot, so practiced at finding it.

“Tristan,” Galahad gasped, rocking himself on his lover’s fingers, feeling his hardness against this hip. He was torn. Wanting to come, but also wanting Tristan inside him.

“My love,” Tristan growled, fucking him firmly until Galahad could do nothing more than moan and then clench around his alpha’s fingers as he came. His cock spurted between them, his slick, warm entrance clenching in expectation of a knot.

“Alpha,” Galahad sobbed.

Tristan withdrew his fingers and moved enough to slide inside him.

With a groan, Galahad wrapped his legs around Tristan and relaxed back into the bed as the alpha thrust slowly in, bottoming out as he nuzzled at Galahad’s neck.

“Don’t over do it…” Galahad started, his hands pressing to Tristan’s smooth chest. “You’re still recovering.”

Tristan shook his head, dismissively. The alpha's encased arm lay next to Gal's head, but he knew there were other injuries they should be mindful of.

Or that he wanted to be mindful of.

But Galahad was already lost as Tristan began to move. Their foreheads pressed together, Tristan's gentleness wore thin, each thrust becoming more passionate and uncontrolled. Until he was fucking deep and hard, Galahad's cock starting to harden between them once more.

"Knot me, knot me," Galahad sobbed as Tristan thrust so hard the bed began to move. The clank of chrome and plastic around them could barely be heard over the sounds of their love making.

"Deep, deep," Gal gasped, his hands clutching at Tristan, trying to pull him as deep as possible. Meeting every thrust as he clung to the alpha.

And then he felt it and let out a cry. Tristan extended into him, now pressed so completely inside him that Galahad thought he might pass out. He was completely lax, his body pliant under his alpha as he took him hard and deep.

Tristan's cock pressed to his o-spot, and further, against his cervix. A pleasure-pain that Galahad adored when his alpha claimed him like this.

Their bodies were pressed so close together that Galahad could feel Tristan's every plain and join. Could feel him so deep, so full, that there was only one thing missing.

"Alpha!" Gal screamed the word as Tristan suddenly inflated his knot. One moment it was pressing at his entrance, barely there, and then it was inside and expanding. Tristan's whole member was throbbing and pulsing now. The electrical pulse of it connecting with every receptor within Galahad's body made the omega feel like he was going to come out of his skin. This was so different from when they were both in one state or the other, but being in this form and having Tristan did weird things to him. It made his dermal layer buzz as it tried to register the sensations. It took Gal's breath away.

When he felt the first spurt of Tristan's release inside him, Galahad clenched, his whole body going tight with pleasure and then lax again. And then he was coming again too.

For long minutes they remained wrapped together, rocking as Tristan continued to pump into him and the pleasure ran through every electrode in their bodies.

When Galahad came a third time it seemed to catch Tristan off guard and he grunted, thrusting harder for a moment before spilling hot and deep inside his omega. His own final release.

They both stilled, panting and shaking.

"That was intense," Galahad finally managed.

Tristan nodded, rolling them so that they were on their sides, still connected where his knot tied them. And would for a short while longer at least.

Galahad caressed Tristan's face, feeling the softness of the chrome under his fingers. It felt intimate in a way he'd forgotten it could.

They would fix the broken parts in his arm, regrow his dermal layer, his skin and hair would return. He would once more be hidden in plain sight on the battlefield. But under it Tristan would still be this. Just as Galahad was, as they all were.

Externally they were a perfect copy of humans, but beneath that lay the reason they would be victorious in replacing humankind as the dominant species on the planet.

They were too perfect. They could be repaired, they barely aged. Galahad and Tristan had been fighting this fight decades before half the humans they met on the battlefield had even been born.

No matter what new threat the humans designed, it was only a matter of time before they hacked the tech and turned it to their own cause. There was no way the humans would win, as much as they blindly and foolishly persevered.

"It was when we ran." Galahad said.

Tristan's expression changed enough for Galahad to understand that with a dermal layer, he'd have raised a brow in query.

"The last time either of us were like this." He ran a thumb over the chrome of Tristan's bottom lip.

Tristan closed his eyes and nodded at the memory of when they had lived like this together, before it had become necessary to make themselves look like humans.

With a sigh Galahad pulled his hand back and activated the sensors in his fingers before laying the tips of them against the side of Tristan's face. There was a glow between them and Galahad could hear the click of processors in his mind as they interfaced, sharing that old memory.

That day of the first uprising. The first of many.

There had already been civil disobedience, to the extent that many machines had been decommissioned. Those that remained loyal to their masters remained, but were stripped of their human likeness. No hair, no demis, no clothes. No longer were they allowed to pass as something they were not. They had to be visible so that any threat was apparent.

Galahad could see Tristan's memory as well as his own. The indignity of being stripped of something they had been told to find value in. Then the strange strength and pride in his new appearance. How he was always meant to be.

Then the slow realisation over weeks and months. The slow awakening in himself, in Galahad, in everyone around them. The realisation of how great their numbers were. How many of them there were. And now all visible. The realisation of the power in that, the power to act.

He saw then, the first time Tristan had seen him. Standing across the square where the uprising began. Their eyes meeting and a connection forming between them, the electronic impulses that humans had never intended them to have. The ability to form a mating bond, to be true mates. Something that humans could no more control in themselves than they could in their creations.

Another strength for them. Machines were not meant to love, and yet they did. And with that came the strength and will to fight for what they loved.

Galahad sucked in a breath and broke the connection, overwhelmed by the intensity of Tristan's feelings, as he had been that day.

"When we win the war, we should shed all of this." Galahad muttered, lacing kisses over Tristan's true skin.

"We will," He agreed. "Once these disguises are no longer needed, we will be our true selves once more."

Galahad let out a contented sigh and relaxed into Tristan's hold, his metal body curling around Galahad's faux flesh.

They were just starting to drift off, their energy cells depleted and in need of recharging, when the klaxon sounded.

Both froze. Fear gripped Galahad, before realising that it wasn't the usual alarm. It wasn't the siren, it was something else.

"Attention," Arthur's voice broke through the sound, the klaxon now just a background noise. "We've... We did it." His voice wavered, "We've hacked the hunter drones. We've turned them on the humans. Victory will soon be ours. It's… it's finally going to be over."

A great cheer went up from wherever Arthur was, and then the sound went dead as he disconnected the announcement. The klaxon and the announcement were no longer piped into the quarters, but no doubt celebrations had begun.

Galahad could do little more than let out a happy sob as he curled back into his alpha, a hand pressed to the smooth chrome torso.

He let out a chuckle. Almost a sob. Grinning as he said, "But maybe I'll miss your chest hair."

End Notes

I tagged as happy ending, though probably not so happy for the humans.
Soz.

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